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types and a new feeling for its compelling freshness and loveliness; "Dante and Beatrice" was to have marked, in a sense, a new beginning. The piece, at core lyrical, was a prelude to maturity, with verse richer and graver, with feeling deepened and exalted and a preoccupation with great passions and great deeds that pass beyond the individual lovers to the wider duties that call women now, to the services of a common brotherhood recognized at last. Beatrice says:

"I have lived like a flower blown in the sun,  
Yet the wind whispers of the distant waves,  
And the stars beckon to mysterious skies:  
For I will tell you of my solemn dreams  
That hand in hand with God I serve His world."

Radiant and ardent, of unconquerable youth, she of the vivid grace and fragile charm has passed, leaving the world poorer and colder, because a poet, ever wielding the high calling with true and sustained reverence, can build no more the lofty rhyme for earthly ears.

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Edith Wharton is a prose-writer *par excellence*, and while she reaches the lyric pitch\* in thought and substance there are moments when, fine craftsman that she is, diction and cadence halt and move in the measure of prose.

"Thou sawst me in the cloud, the wave, the bough,  
The clod commoved with April."

The word "commoved" somehow translates us quickly into a realm of prose, as also does the false stress in the second line below:

"Yea, this we wait for, this renews us, this  
Incarnates us, pale people of your dreams," etc.

But just because she has so won the mastery of a prose style, she cannot give forth her full feeling about life without offering us poetry, for undoubtedly the substance of her thought dwells often in the realm of poetry.

The dramatic monologue of "Vesalius in Zante," reminiscent in form as it is of the great master of the dramatic monologue,

\* "Artemis to Actæon." By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

is full of subtle psychology, fire and high thought, and its form is justified by such splendid lines as:

"They only, who reconquer day by day  
The inch of ground they camped on overnight,  
Have right of foothold on this crowded earth."

And again:

"But I so hugged the fleeting self of me,  
So loved the lovely perishable hours,  
So kissed myself to death upon their lips,  
That on one pyre we perished in the end."

Best of all, Mrs. Wharton succeeds in the sonnet, that form which by its set laws and narrow compass offers a bridge between prose composition and poetry, and if one were to ask of whom she had most diligently studied the art of sonnet-making the answer, him who made "The House of Life" rises from such lines as:

"I heard her feet in irretrievable flight,"  
"The touch of kisses that have missed my brow,"

Most exquisite is the sextet from sonnet VIII:

"But other hearts a long, long road doth span,  
From some far region of old works and wars,  
And the weary armies of the thoughts of man  
Have trampled it and furrowed it with scars,  
And sometimes, husht, a sacred caravan  
Moves over it alone, beneath the stars."

Mrs. Wharton is of the elect. She is one of those who accomplish whatever they set their hands to and she has innumerable facets to her soul. Having proved that she is among the finest writers of prose America has ever produced, she flashes another facet upon us, and we have a new poet and one we could not spare.

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We have already expressed our good opinion of the scholarly work of Mrs. Dargan in these pages on the occasion of the publication of her "Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas." Despite the excellence of the work there, she still lacked the artist's free hand, the full conviction and fire of maturity. The present volume,\* we feel sure, is apprentice work. It bears every mark of

\* "Semiramis and Other Plays." By Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.